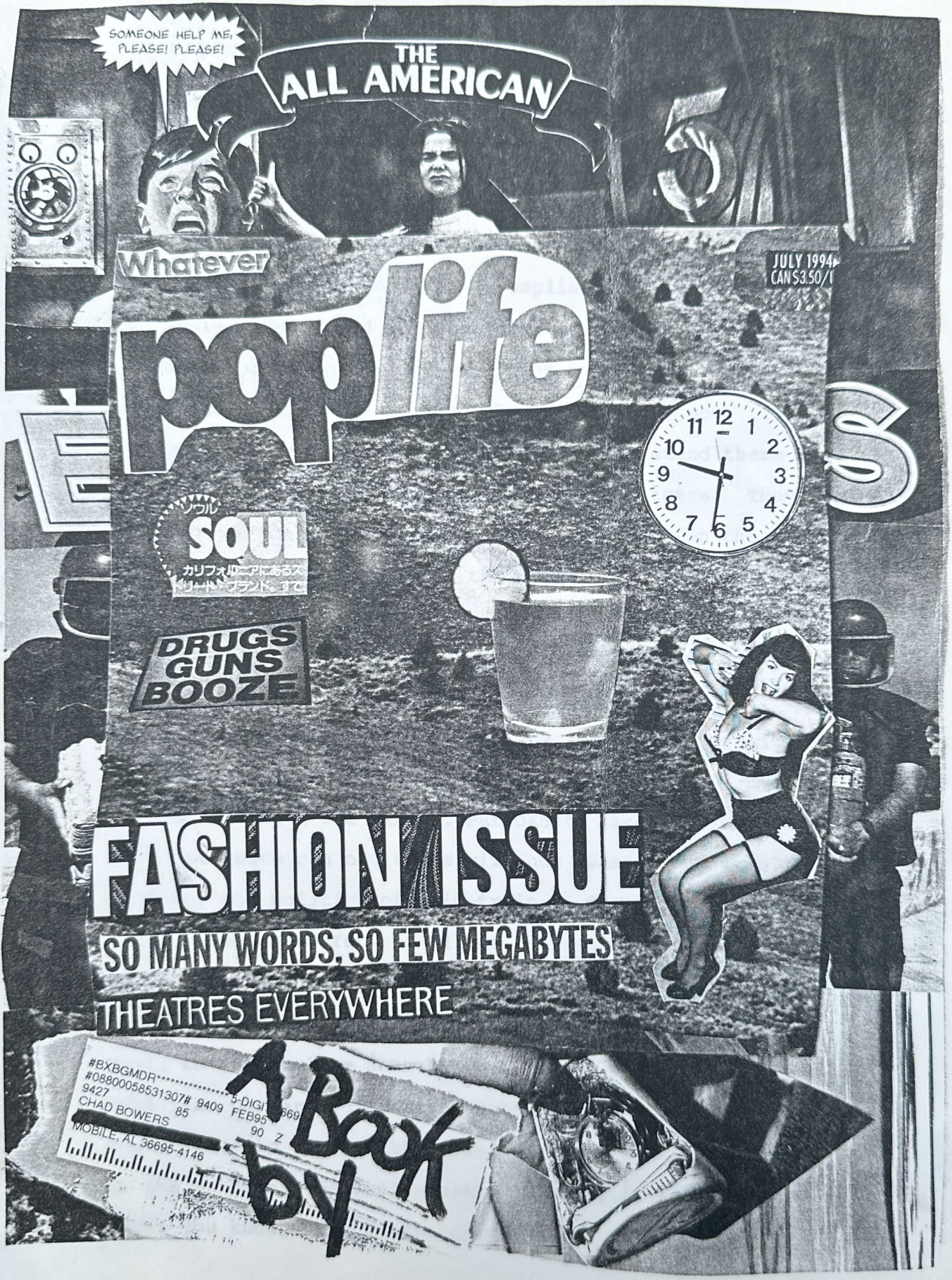
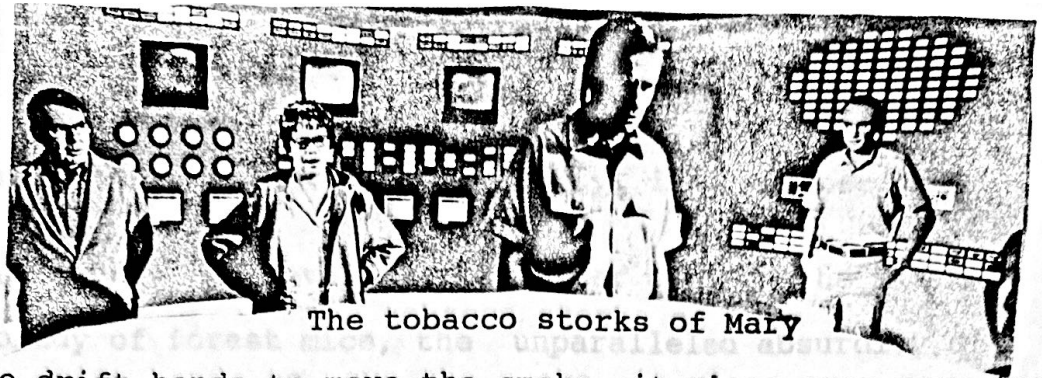

SOMEONE HELP ME, PLEASE! PLEASE!
THE ALL AMERICAN
5
Whatever
poplife
JULY 1994
CAN$3.50/
ソウル
SOUL
カリフォルニアにある
DRUGS
GUNS
BOOZE
FASHION ISSUE
SO MANY WORDS, SO FEW MEGABYTES
THEATRES EVERYWHERE
#BXBGMDR
#08800058531307#
9427
CHAD BOWERS
MOBILE, AL 36695-4146
A Book by



The tobacco storks of Mary

We drift hands to move the smoke, it rises even now, for the last time. This succession to reach this point, or place, linger with regret, to never accomplish the various never set goals. Delivered into the home by nomadic light colonies, painting and then to print a process for scanning light and the path we follow, when we speak of now. I start to speak and break into a laugh trying to pretend there was no intent, but everyone knows, they've been there. They are here now so we talk of legs falling into holes on the edge of dreams. We drank through the mouth , received the water by distilation, drinking to replenish the body, and drinking to share that state. A variable state of time shared by using heartbeats as the standard, to average all those present to attemp to explain passage, We broke eggs in protest, on the carpet on the heads of others, into the blender and down the throat. Partoke to taken and excrete, will not waste can not waste will not consider or even mention, the politics of this train of digressed. Examine the dirt as a new form of silver, find qualities of the eminent jealousy of soil, Constructing theories of silvers lust of earthen properties and its involvement even in that soil, to interpolate data between ground and eyes, stream data like pulsar projected thoughts from our past, we find the science to explain the loss, of math in adding what is to the unknown. We fall short of breath, it makes such sense you know, such sense, certain oral revelations,






half dead, faint of heart
coffee in the morning, light in the
afternoon. Fate followed every move.
He sat with his frown, fixed firm.
half read, he studied the art. As if
he could ever become a part. Broken
never started his eyes fell to the ground.
This world felt like chocolate, so he
stopped writing and began to live.

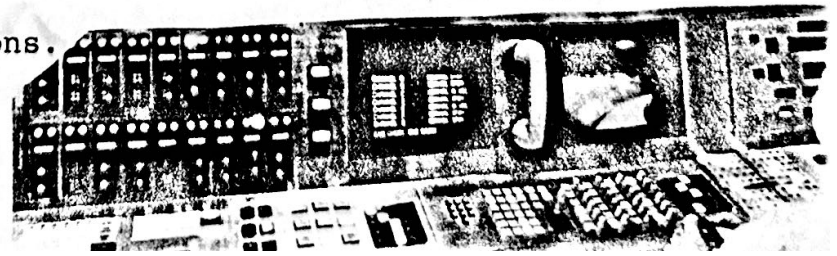
The babys dandruff, was insane
Young parents washed all day
Scrubbed that little head with industrial solvents
They used vaccum cleaners to collect it
They shaved his hair and applied vaseline
An old indian was called in to scalp him
Dad painted his noggin with tree tar
A neighboor kicked his mother in the teeth
A medical doctor performed a skin graft
Five astronauts said a prayer in heaven
The surgeon general sacrificed a goat
Then without warning, his brain disappeared

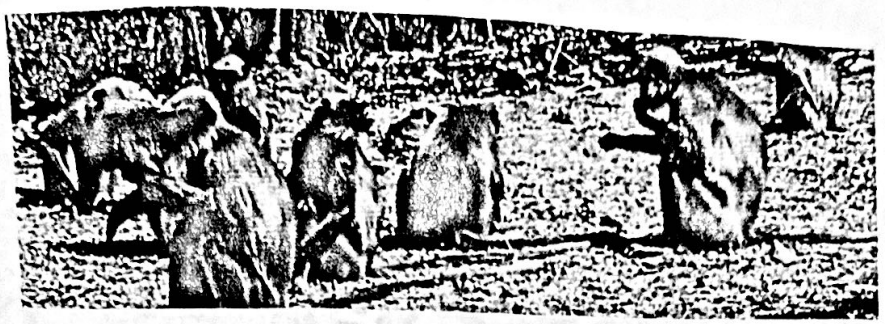





brought on by our awe of prophecy, in error because of

design, it can never, it can never explain the ultimate comedy of forest mice, the unparalleled absurdity of aboreal rodents scampering up trees, the brave advance and sexual territorys explicit. And of others perceiving this uprising of mice, of what to compare a rampage up trees, into that higher ground, what of it what then? Liquids fail to excite, hydrogen and all that, willow tree. a bird call scared silly of ghost in the house of elders, behind empty rooms left vacant by death and filled with things of the day, now old and spookfilled, once consumer like driven demand for children sweet from parents and grandparents to buy these trinkets, give property of to young on the porches of bitter invalids, rooms filled with dust covered dolls which voodoo dead patents as they fade under progress of electrical wiring and diagramers of such wiring, the house hilled by streams behind and drinking water forced from below, tasting of ground sweet contaminents, but inhabited by a lot that couldn't care of such poisons for the world had already taken such toll, they sit electronically frightened by the fruits of their own labor, certain persistance of memory. You find yourself lighting tobacco in the love of Mary, so many to make it real, those of belief those to belive in doubt, as you give up on benzene as another humorless chemical, you make sweet tooth in rapture, to recapture, and manufacture another lie, babble eternal, to exit like cartoons.



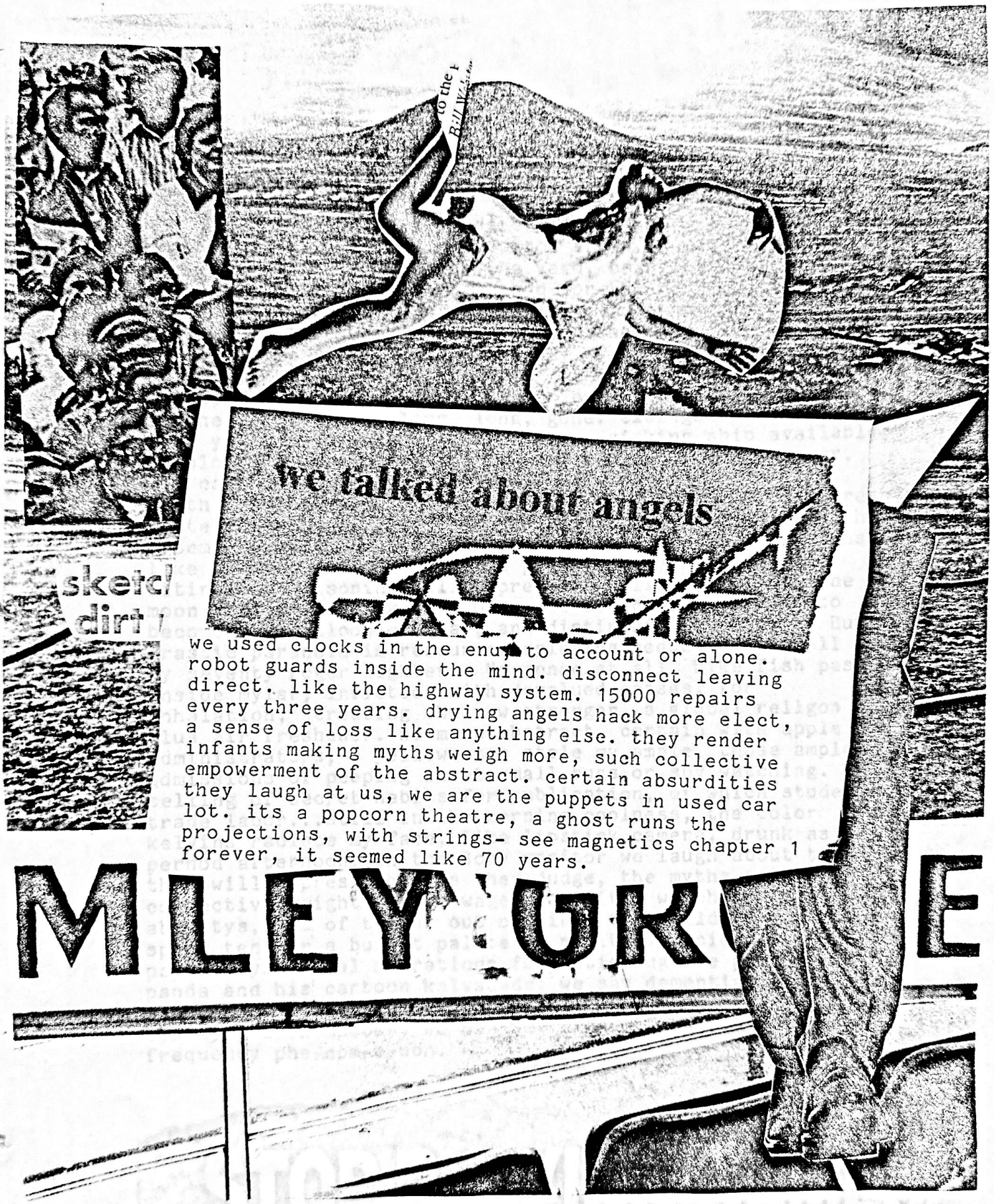


as magic electric

Polaroids, their backs peeled by the curious children. In the blue room, decor by Geround. Sit antiseptic flavor. Casual remarks a century ago. Photographic evidence of aerogel conspiracy murder, silicon valley under investigation. Wonderspunky Willomaker taps crystls against his inflatable shoes. In remembrance from his chamber, real to the mind, illogical to the sense of touch, Willomaker, vessel #147 relived the trail as papa Smurf, a childhood fave. Partly then the others wrote books, and fish cleaning, also one performing dolphin marraiges on the coast of New Jersey, Bio-willomaker rode a superstring into knotty knots or some thing. deadpan sally rode the wave, instant access oatmeal, history of rice studies, magic as a fashion, random numbers falling into order, parrots in control of earth orbit. and so we all loved the smell of lemon pledge. The trembling hands of the night before, gift wrapped and sullen, for refusal. Abrupt insight into the linear, nature like a ball on a string, we swing it around, expecting the same results. Willomaker finds himself in a leather chair, young with a carrot smashed to bits and drooled down his cheek. A televison glows in the wall, Driving cars through the cracks of the carpet, and later to smoke crack in a car and talk of the absurdity of carpet. He seems to be choking. Choking on the desire to remember, holds his breath until, blackout. The smallest part of the fashion rug, on the floor, below young Wonderspunky, there is a violation, a change in gravitational forces, music from the popular parlor game, Space Invaders, resonates from the light bulbs, A tinny sound yet quite audible, fascinating. This violation, cancelled all checks, broke eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight digital watches, and practically ruined every piece of velcro on the planet Earth. There were some very ugly people. Five ticks later everything that was de-res'd.

note: the next life=racing go-carts for fun
and profit. we love it, magic electric.




we talked about angels
sketc
dirt
we used clocks in the end to account or alone. robot guards inside the mind. disconnect leaving direct. like the highway system. 15000 repairs every three years. drying angels hack more elect, a sense of loss like anything else. they render infants making myths weigh more, such collective empowerment of the abstract. certain absurdities they laugh at us, we are the puppets in used car lot. its a popcorn theatre, a ghost runs the projections, with strings- see magnetics chapter 1 forever, it seemed like 70 years.
MLEY
GR
E

It is a gas

Noise in the evening left deserted strangers pondering a plastic blue straw, like a poison arrow in disguise, and then the old blood pump in the yard, bringing down...the dust, and our spirits. It is bad for the running, so get the boys down under. Several minds drift from the dance, and lock those hatches. They sing show tunes, merrily. Their bodies dressed in silk, They admire fat prophets in times of crisis. fishermen bring in angels, half of which are women, Some of which are female, and half still are not on the menu. Long, long, long, gone. extinguished hope, and only you can prevent forest fires, a sinking ship available in blood red, and infinite black for the power of flower, and carbon based notes, such reference. the facts were, death was happy in the house of love, a fantasy beyond fresh batteries rang our mechanical bells, fever, the furor with rosemary, dervish eels. to listen and interpret vibrations, like a mad spider, stalking a plastic playskool father, biting and poisoning till depressing failure, invites the moon and the setting of clocks. We ate coffee grinds, to become the balloon of fear, and distinguish ourselves. But drastic paranoia is resource depleting seduction, a call for my seventy roger lighters. No sense at all. Like fish paste inside mylar, inflated, with devalued gasses, for inhalation, creating the new stranger, a global religon plus air freshener. no more abstract, certain with apple for administrators, a yellow star stole my ample, those ample admissions of peeping in at small bugs,or spy watching. The selling of secret habits for publication, of which students trade labor...still in the morning coolness, the color kelvins radiate my face, like lipstick camera, drunk as the pernod afternoon. In the Sony monitor we laugh about time, they will depress you, as they judge, the myths gain collective weight, so we wage absurdity, which limits the abilitys, out of touch, out of mind, the children sing. Or spend ten for a buffet palate of military socio weapons psycho hysterical aberations for rationing the propaganda panda and his cartoon kalvacade. we say dementia, and give blood to decrease the tolerances. Then suddenly like the birth of dark matter, We can see clearly now, Just that frequency phe-nom-e-non.



For an extra treat, keep your eyes open for tasty bonus nuggets.

"Once the goblins get your scent,

all the chapter flowered
pages gave their names
children knelt in prayer saved
to the clown of mothers shared a tounge
particle sisters never come thoughts
laugh till christmas, captured in
of the books in print, will save,
crepeat. a broken cross instructions, cold fusion
cereal box flat trophy, to members
i fell on felt devise eternal solutions.
of cell union, it is the whole, there is
we are a part, with treason. circle dies
no reason, rhymes in pi, the perfect
lost all faith in pi,

HOWARD JOHNSON

C/ San Bernardo
Glor. Ruiz Jiménez
C/ Carranza
San Bernar
C/ Fuencarral
Glorieta de Bilbao
Bilbao
C/ Barceló
C/ Mejía Lequerica
C/ Segasta
C/ Luchana

He would often ride a freight train a hundred miles a day. When the train stopped to unload freight, he would dash uptown, see three or four mechants, get his orders; and when the whistle blew, he would dash down the street again lickety-split and s ing onto the train while it was moving.

you talk like your broken
such talk of
other europes in the next century
of romantic explosions
star birth catastrophes
you say they collapsed Mars again
Future! so you say
don't break, talk

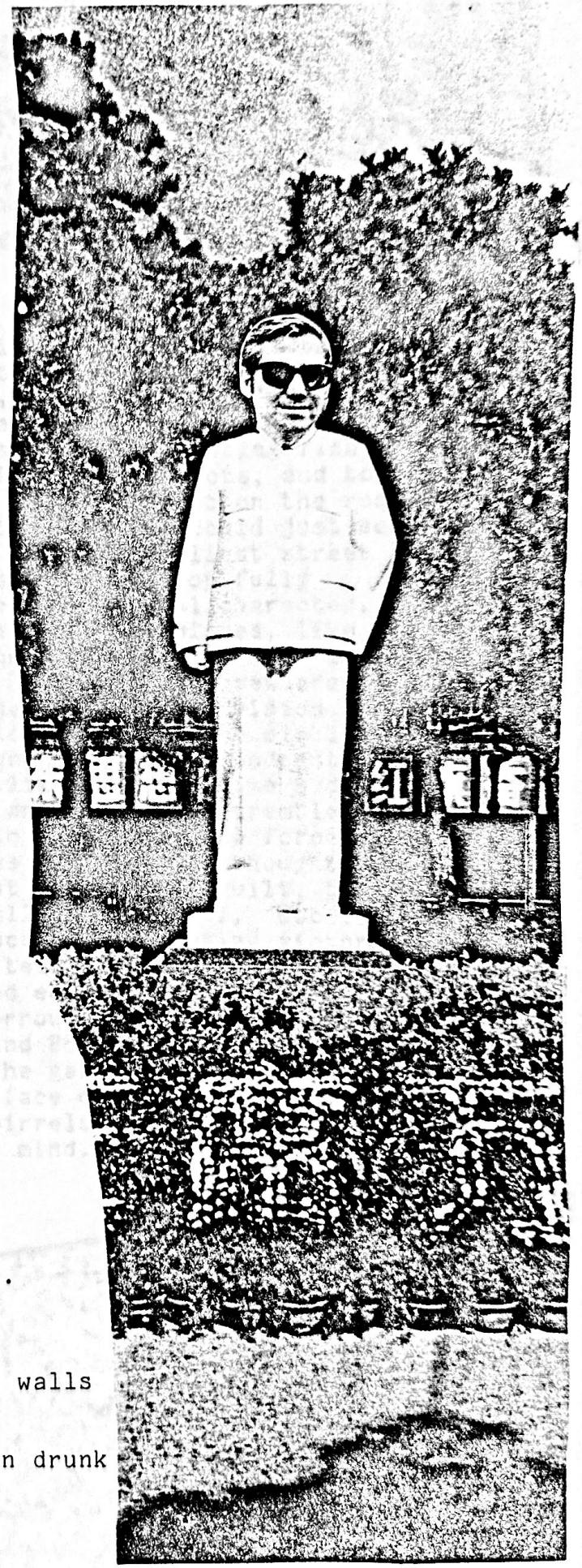
every thought mystook
as i try to impress
i just confuse them
like brain damage
silence you ugges
but i love my drama
and so its strange
of the things i say
that they are true
i should be polite.

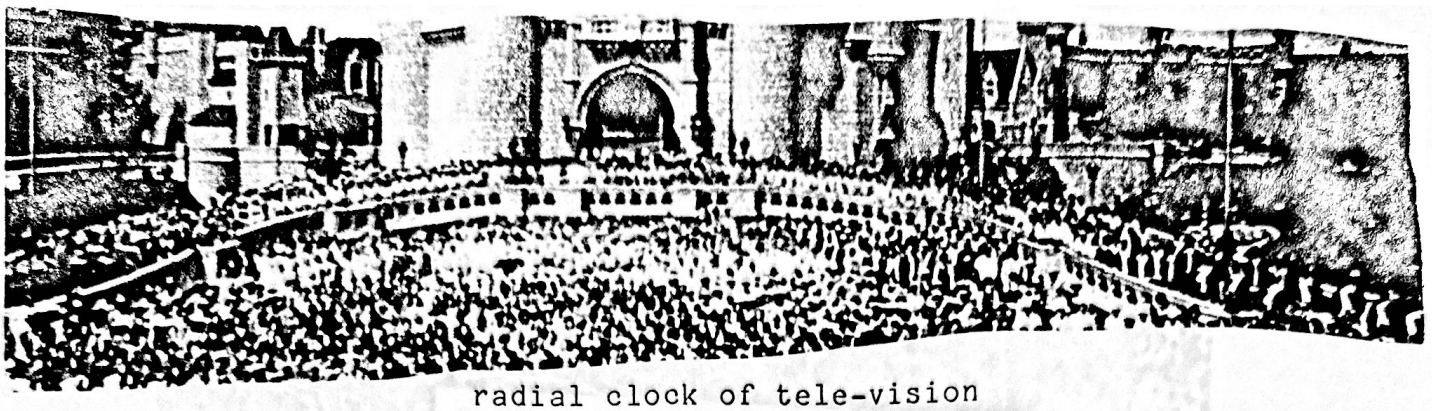
it was on Earth that i loved you.
Not here in this funny machine.
when life was dirty, and we smelled.
In these awful works,
im searching for you
the way you move.
its like a whispering riot.

we are space invaders
with coca-cola music,
we eat life cereal in
electronic solitude, and suddenly
as we are inspired, a tangle of
seduction, leaves us shopping for
diapers, we fall into the past, like
the last. fast.

she was obscure like orange, plain
her hat did tricks, fantasy
we ate her skin on voyages.
such mellow complexities, exalt her.
we were lost, she drew a map, golden.
she worked for the city, at christmas.

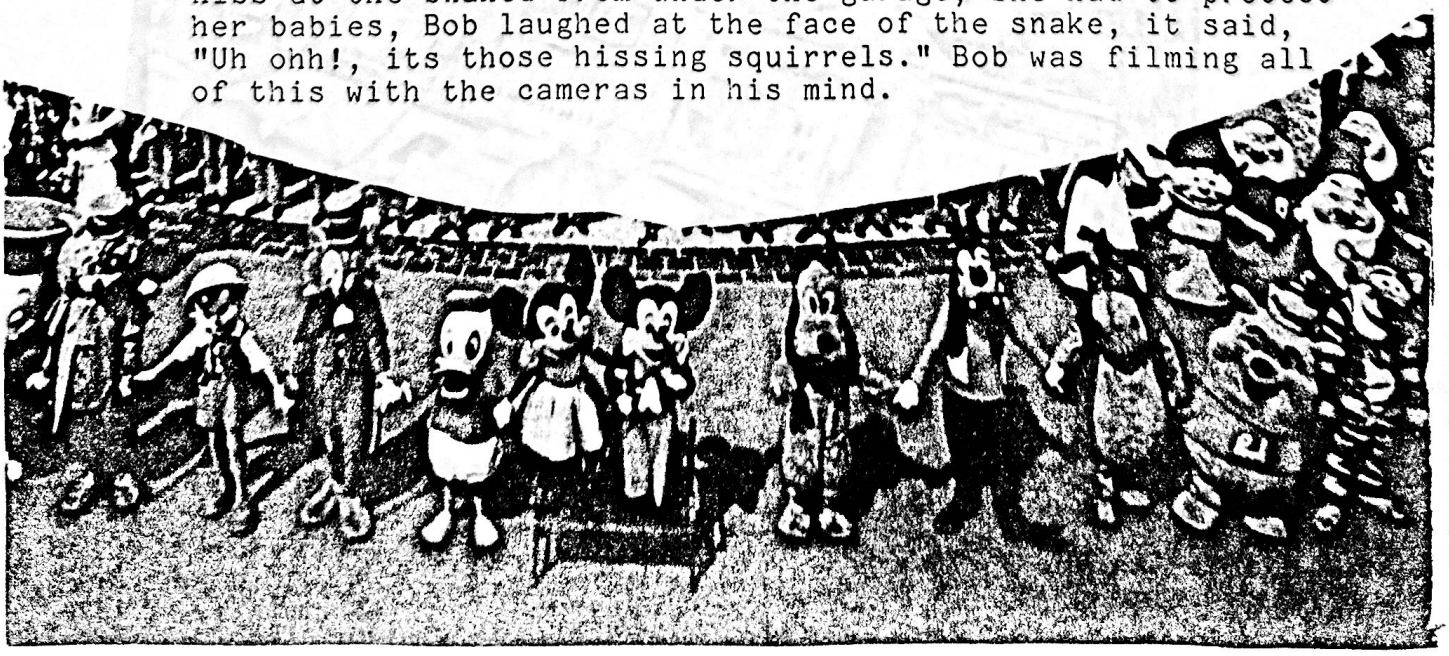
in the yellow room, with white barred walls
we ate eggs and smoked cigerettes,
we were young then, getting old
so we steal another day, and fall down drunk

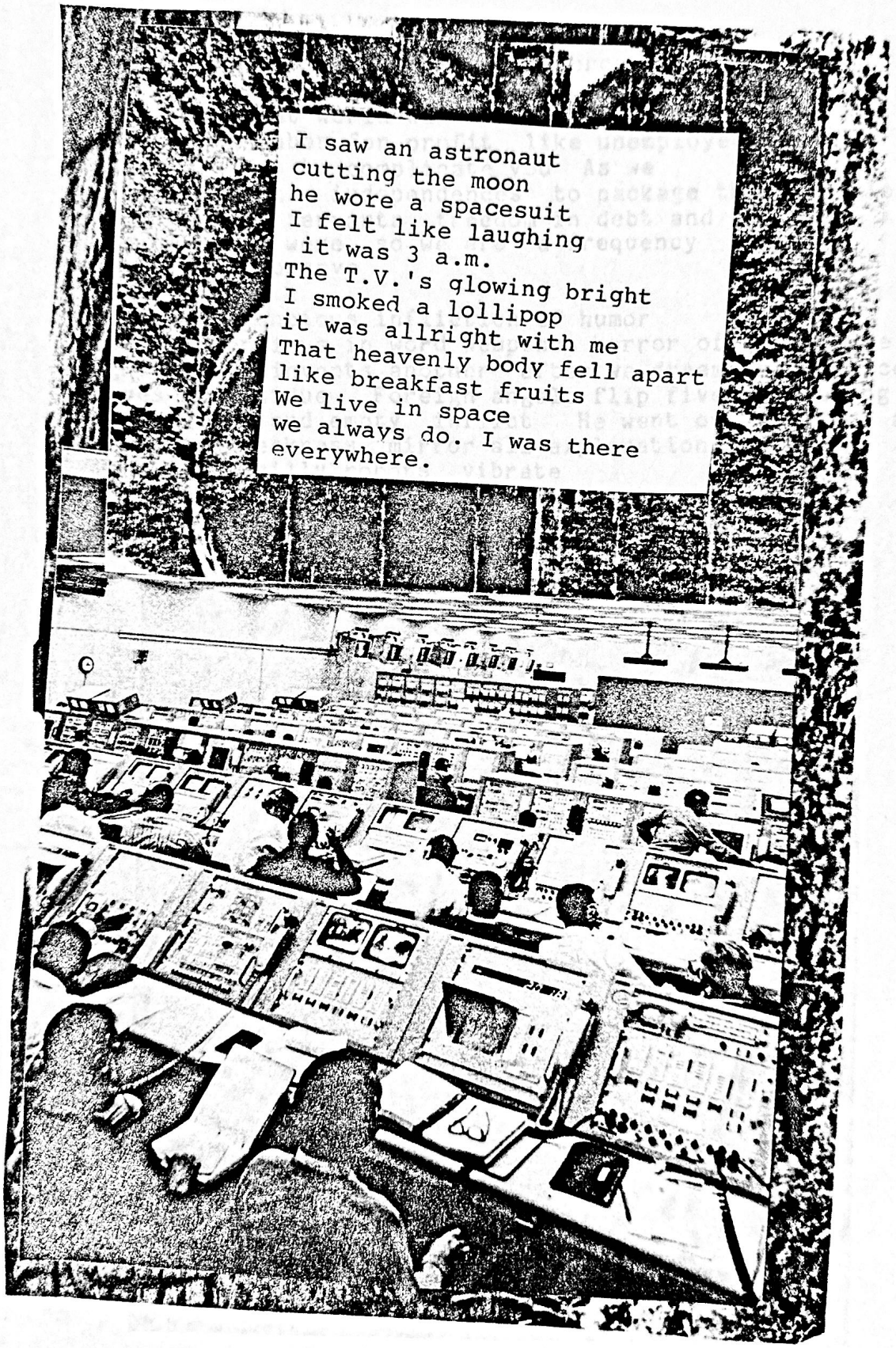




radial clock of tele-vision

Bob was old hat, and fine feathered his peers would say, so his venture into television was both expected and other things. He had studied the art with admiral dedication, twelve hours a day, most every day for decades. He saw channels come and go, and oh the things that he had seen on those channels. Things like bears eating fish out of plastic bags, psychics selling hair products, and too many laughs to mention, lots. He set the set on the roof, sat next to the box and thought so hard he could just see it, like a crack view of paris from the lonliest street in America, Bob knew today would see tele-vision fully realized, and he would be there, the central character. Now for a script. He looked in all the usual places, like coffee shops, and all night wicker stores. He knew it would change all of this, no religon like Lennon, somewhere in his mind he could already see the action, partial vision somewhat like i dream of jeannie, a dash of the ole leave it to beaver, and about every nature show ever braodcast. Then apparently they got wind of it like the last time and the last, so he kicked off the set and watched it tremble down the roof, over the edge and into the drive, The forces against were shocked at gravitys swift action thought Bob, there was no time to react, just that sullen guilt, that evil forces feel when tele's fall off the roof. Bob lifted his shirt for a little finger action celebrating victory. Some bugs flew into the broken television, and later that day a bird landed on its cracked edge, Bob watched for a long time, then he watched tomorrow, A family of miniture squirrels moved into the set, And Bob noticed moma squirrel hiss at the snaked from under the garage, she had to protect her babies, Bob laughed at the face of the snake, it said, "Uh ohh!, its those hissing squirrels." Bob was filming all of this with the cameras in his mind.

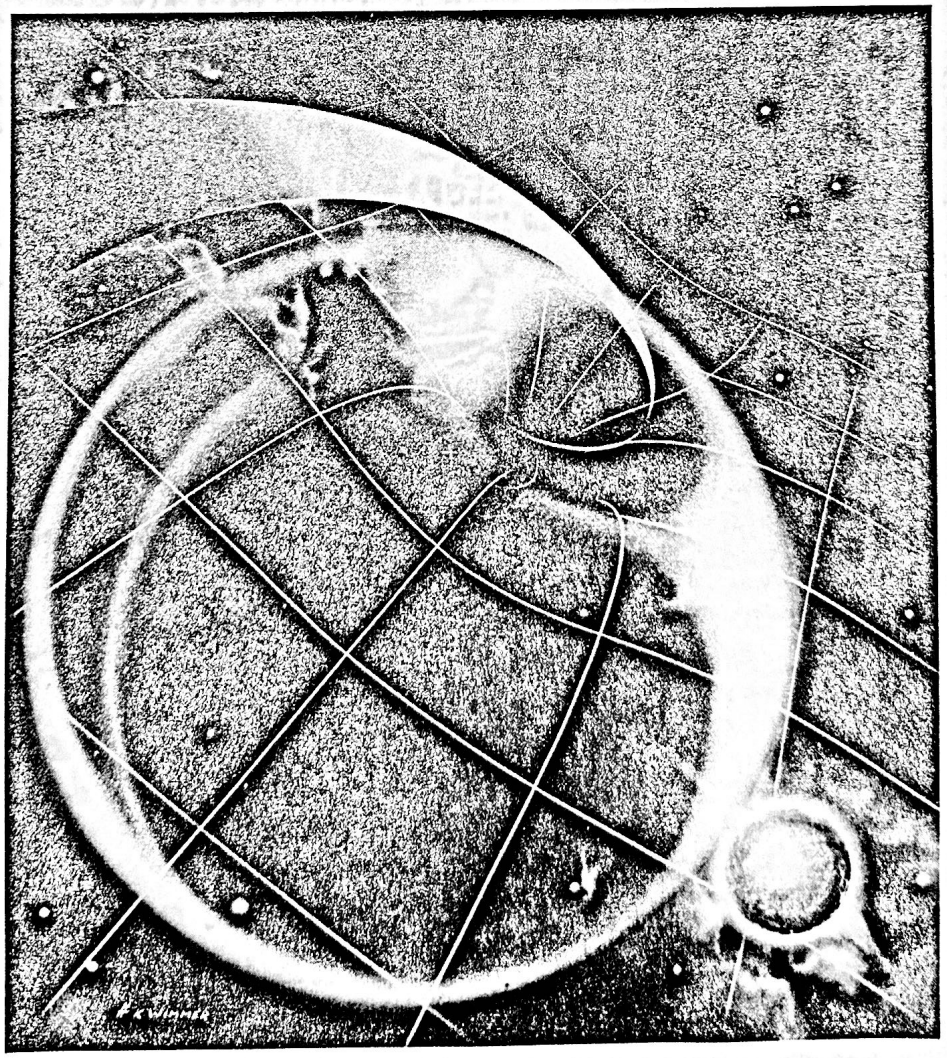



I saw an astronaut
cutting the moon
he wore a spacesuit
I felt like laughing
it was 3 a.m.
The T.V.'s glowing bright
I smoked a lollipop
it was allright with me
That heavenly body fell apart
like breakfast fruits
We live in space
we always do. I was there
everywhere.

## losers for heroes

resting on what world war laurels seeks
undegrading labor for profit like unemployed
action figures to complicate you As we
maintain certain independences to package the rebellion
and serve the servants freedom in debt and out
cold like we were so we are a frequency
phenomenom observe

deserved unconcious infliction of humor
upon the concious in word weapons horror of space time in
light years invents another after we dream the science it
leaves no residue Foreign angels flip fivers leaving this
more direct and empty inflict He went out looking a
custom and weakness mirror all exploration
vibrate you silly robots vibrate



angels up flyers into the hands of the strangers, our broken conscious gaping turned into the [illegible] worship what we make — after we dream the science it leaves no residue

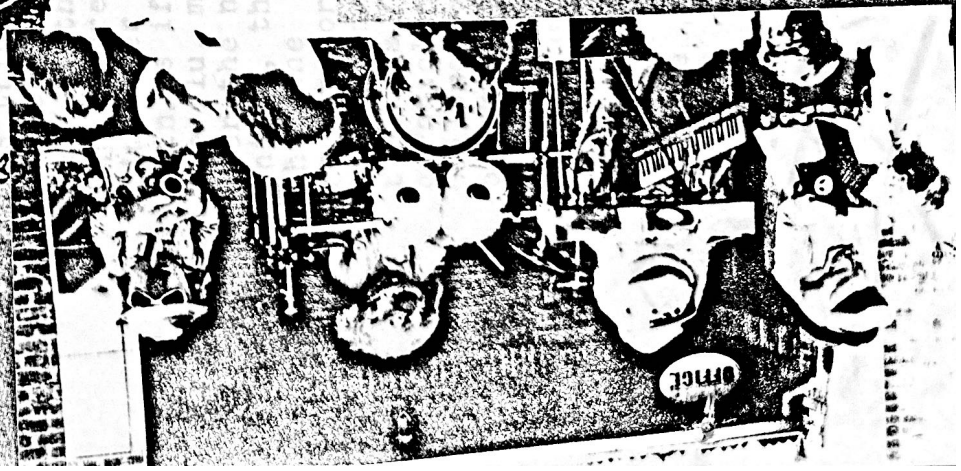



little bug spying at night I move the sheets bug spy monitoring watching my breathing checking with magic chronograph the timing you make me sleep with your poison

little bug spying at night I move the sheets bug spy monitoring watching my breathing checking with magic chronograph the timing you make me sleep with your poison

little bug spying at night I move the sheets bug spy monitoring watching my breathing checking with magic chronograph the timing you make me sleep with your poison

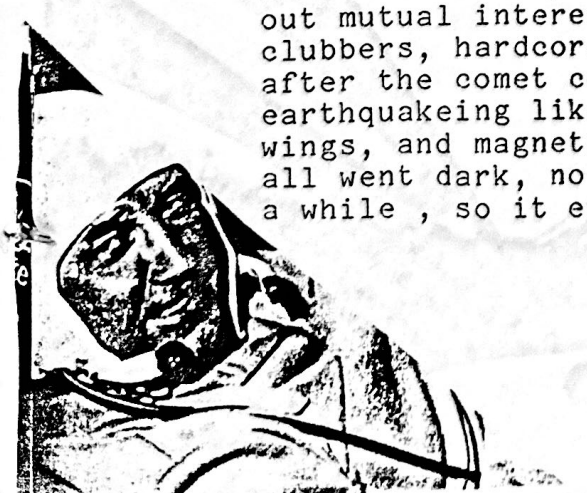
rexia 7 abolished stars, liquid shaved the solids. cystar repulsed the senile. a smile felt windward moving grape rings: little metal goats, a series expressed as numerical galaxies, searching for meaning, create new systems, confuse the anger, and furious endings, to shrink, in rendering a past

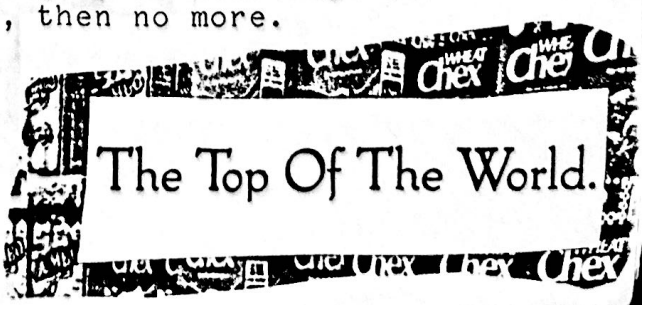




the wigmasters

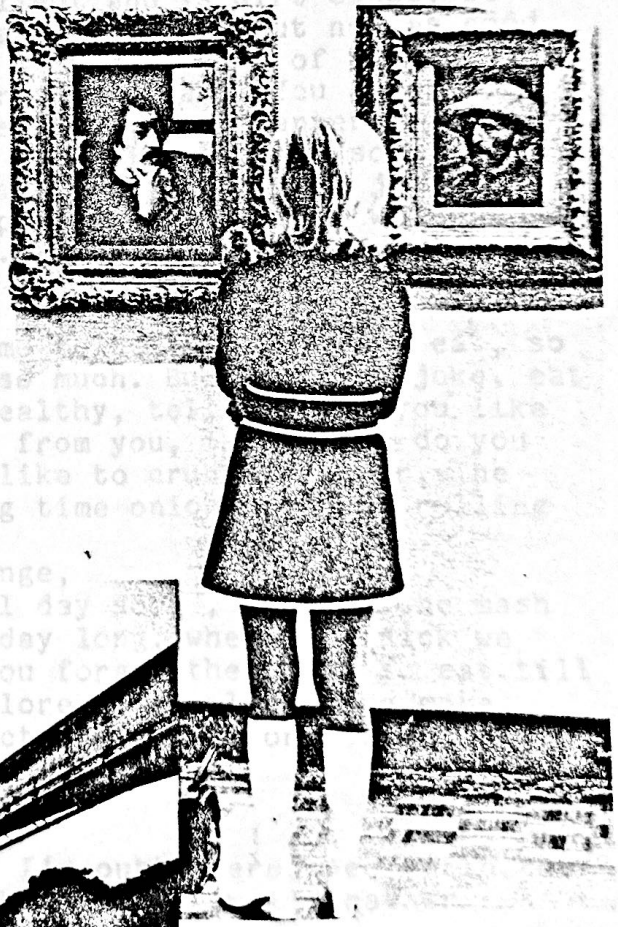
They had a certain love of craft, the kind that comes from certain abilitys inhereit, the kind the involvves a lack of other talents, they were the wigmasters, exclusive hairpeaces for the wealty and the poor it was a labor of love, it was labor, it was love, they bleed sorrow int the dry weave of purchased babrbber floor hair and glued late into the night with the tools of trade, axes sharpened outside the door with the history of the village in their plams a lights house on the shore where as children they would study the design of wigs and dream if new parts and dream of new ways to blend a salt and peppar with a blond ambition, thye were charmed they were named marcus, and willomaker, theyre blood carried oxygen into their lungs, and they were generally content with their lives. Onve five yerars ago for fun they made a hairpeace out of broom fur, marcus wore it first, into the bathroom, late at night, he wore it to bed and found that it caused some sort of strange dreams to occur, he tried it again and found that he liked these strange dreams, meanwill willomaker became incredulously jealious and paced the basement hally way striing at the lanterns and leaning his coffe mug by the computer terminal that catercized thir reference library, his fave became red and he became sullen, none know why he hide jewels int the mattres of the guestr oom but he did always. Marcus was sleeping and the broom fur hairpice did its trick on him, he dreamed the dream of the silver tunnel, the one that wise men dream before they find the salt of the fries, the dream th t makes some crazy headed. MArcus dreamed of silver tunne s, and naked nymphs carresed him under the arem, under the soft hair, swirled the thin skin as if to excite the lymph system, or to see if he had the flu, marcus flew around the tent, over elephants, and over the neon fiberoptic toys of children he sae time as an oniion, the layers he saw, sphereds within spegeres, and then the sound of willomaker. breathing into the respirator, a subsystem hardwired into the hous provoding oxygen for the koi out back, this was the policy, and it was the bais for much of thier brotherly love, that the parental chronicles and wigss ,, marcus always liked the wigs, willomaker always liked to sew hair, as such they canceled out mutual interedst forming a girl vacuum, as in bike clubbers, hardcore bike jammers those of the silver wigged. after the comet collided after the numerous explosive earthquakeing like sick the earths sister folded in her wings, and magnetism slowly dimenished its flood fingers, all went dark, no more wigs, no more wigs , no meor wigs for a while , so it ends, nate said shyly, then no more.



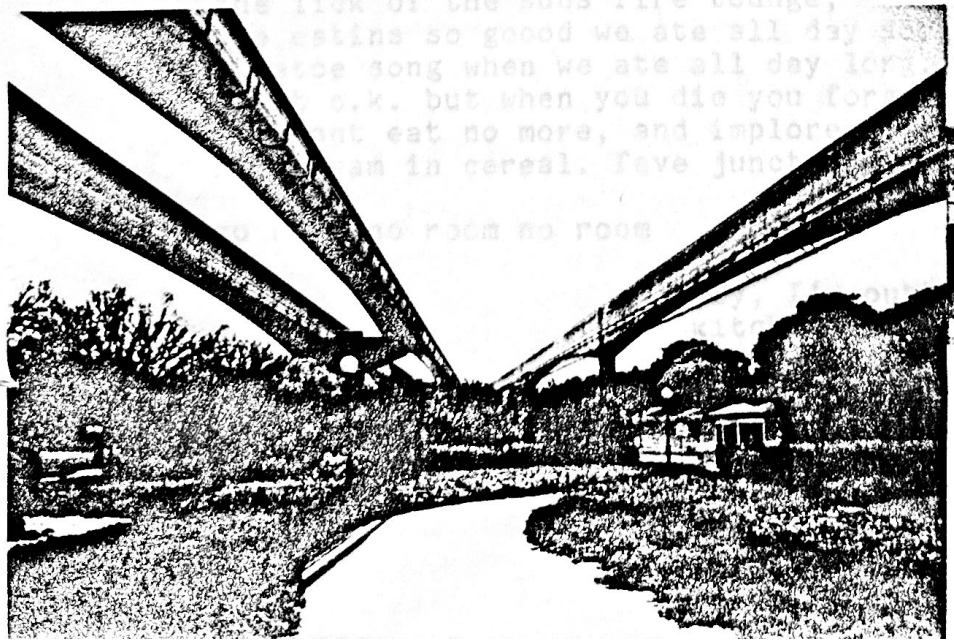




in their time monsters psycho the clocks. at night under our breath, they make it orange, the aquisition of soul is global. fish flying into birds, for profit a house shifts creaking, the simple clock pulls its nail, stirs sleeping ears , a subconcious pen falls. normally not hitting the trees, make the exception. you only dream once, so no more sitting around, cleaning the house ill do it upside down. forgot the enviromental controls, weve lost all reason, were naked in the sun. tree hitter. did it take no more than this, we changed everything with a lie. our lives now more live, our thoughts pure from excessive damage, were all equal now we are so happy.



Steped by shadow
fell fast asleep
daytime morning
wide like spring
water shining
hidden days
into light into light
step by a shadow
break a line,
checkerboard logic
widen the summer
spring.



# Cooking About Loving

I will now attemp to explain the high concept micro fantastics that I create when nobody knows, those tasty bits taken in private, when the lights go out, Are there gods watching, I dont't know. Olives and lots of em. Take some cheese you know any kind, now were talkin. stuff the mushroom or the olive, with cheese. I have seen our future, every time I close my eyes. experience for what, to understand the commercials, I have lived more than one thousand carbon life forms, more joy, and sorrow expressed over comtemplating the light angles on furniture polish ads, thinking of jello see it wobble see it wiggle than any concious should, real to be real, eat lots of the olives, eat them before you can prepare them, stuff your mouth with cheese and olives, until you cant stuff any more, enjoy the sickness, it is yours and only you can feel it.

Now it seems relatively safe to cover beverages, Iced tea is deliciously crisp and light and is dirt cheap, so drink it with a smile, also water is good, but not as good as tea. Milk should be mixed with some sort of flavoring. You are not a baby cow, you are not a lake, You are not. Well, Vodka is great in orange juice, and cranberry juice, or by itself. Alcohol can be expensive, so get some fruit juice and add some yeast, warm place in old milk jug with balloon on top, weeks go by, presto chango. also water should be clean, for drinking.

I dont believe you need me to tell you what to eat, so just eat something, there is so much. Books what a joke, eat something good, be good, be healthy, tell me what you like to eat, really i want to hear from you, i mean it, do you like cereal, me too. do you like to crunch cracker. The smell of spray paint, a spring time onion dip, the rolling sea,
the lick of the suns fire tounge,
the eatins so goood we ate all day song , we sang the mash potatoe song when we ate all day long, when were sick we arent o.k. but when you die you forget the days, so eat till you cant eat no more, and implore and implore some more. Ice cream in cereal. fave junction, nutrition. excellence.

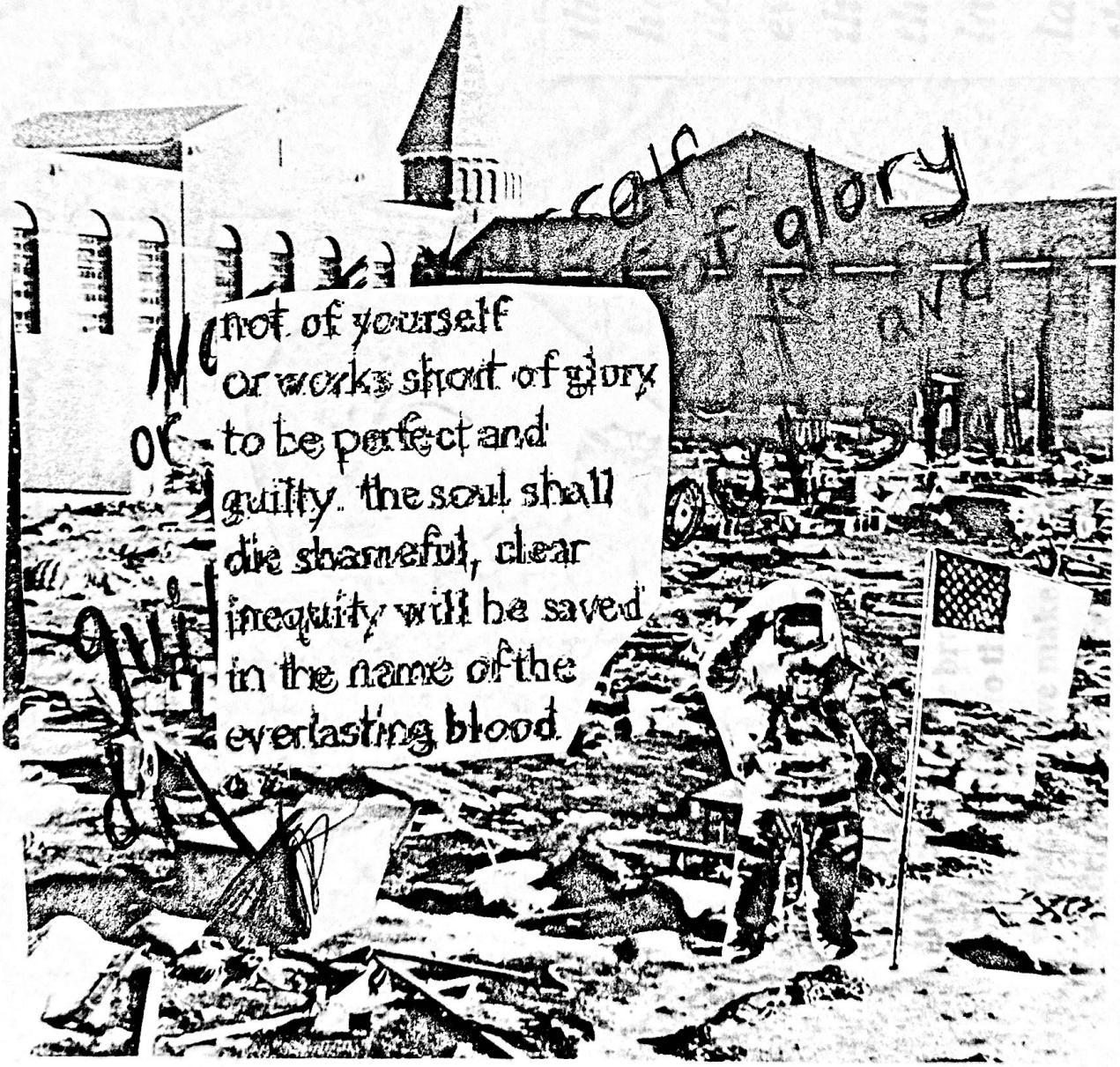
no room no room no room

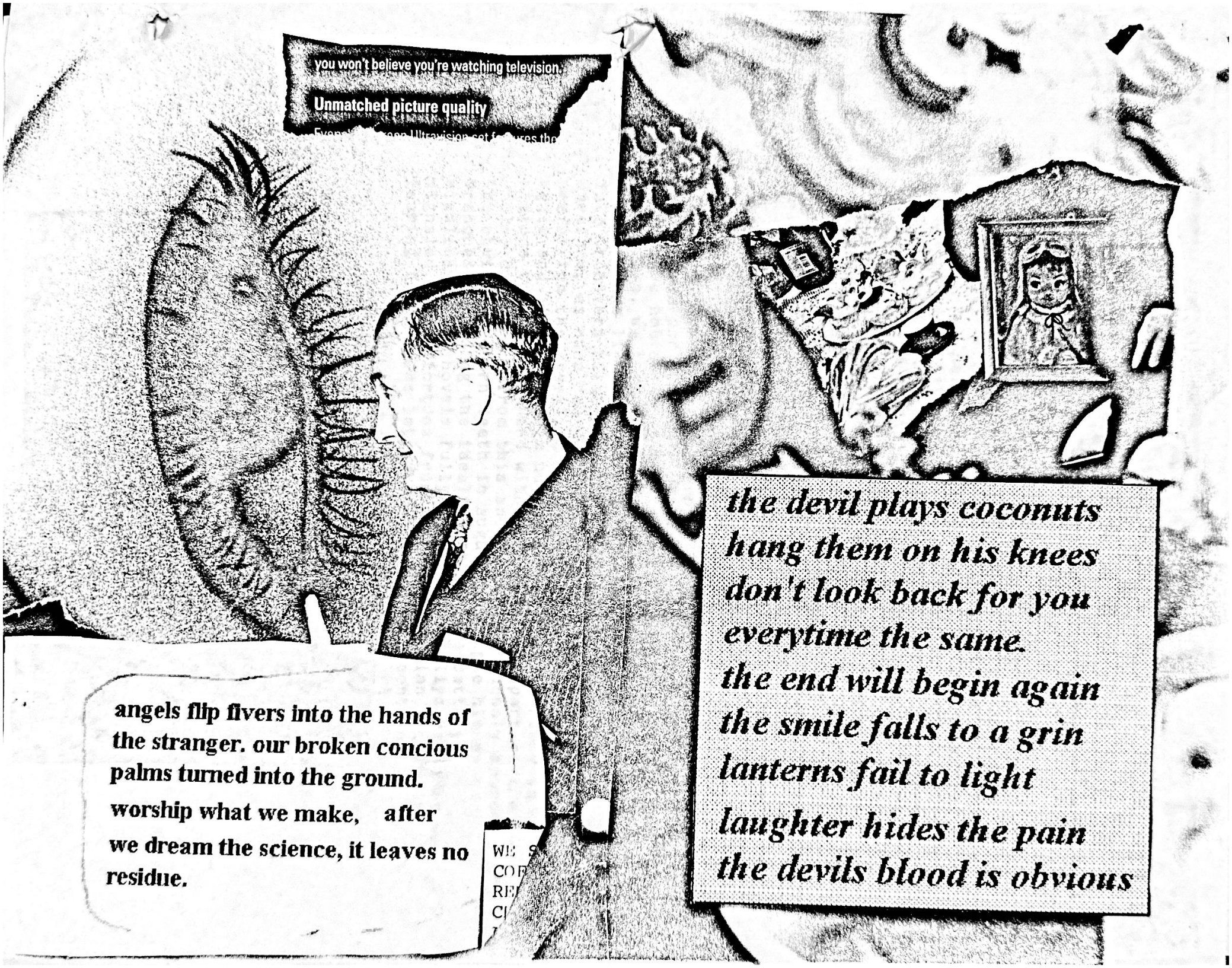
hey, I'm outta here, see ya in the kitchen, you know i'd rather be eatin.

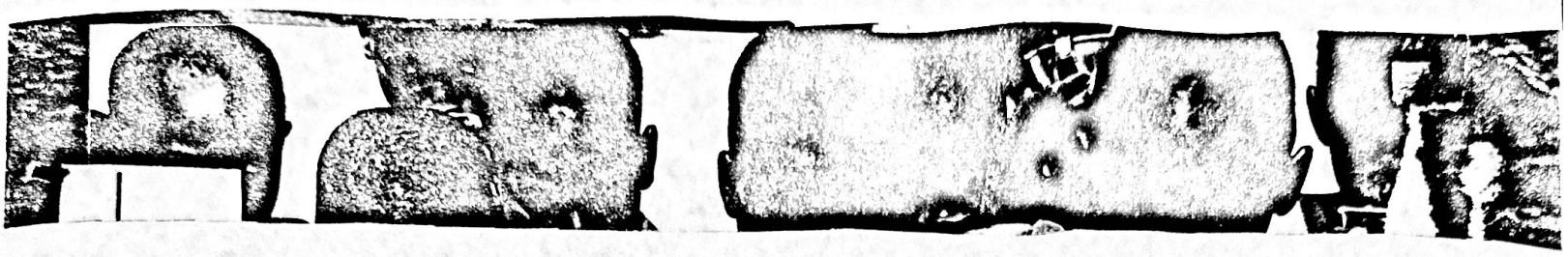
munch munch,
Willomaker Wonderspunky



A PERFECT SPHERE AS BRIGHT AS STARLIGHT
I FALL INSIDE TO BEGIN THIS DREAM. THE
CRYSTAL IN THE SHELF, THE SHELVES ON THE
WALL. A BIG SKY INSIDE OUR EYES. INDIVIDUAL
TRUTHS VIBRATING INDEPENDENCE. VIBRATIONS
RECEIVING, THE SHELVES OF CRYSTAL SINGING
OUR UNIVERSE HEARD RINGING, AND UNDERWATER
WITH THE WHALES OR BEHIND THESE WALLS
IMAGINED ELVES, THROUGH DARK FORESTS GLOW
THE FAIRIES, ALL ONE SOUND, THE BIGGEST BANG
SINGING SONGS ABOUT EXISTANCE. I SIT SPYING
A PERFECT MOON.




you won't believe you're watching television.
Unmatched picture quality
angels flip fivers into the hands of the stranger. our broken concious palms turned into the ground.
worship what we make, after we dream the science, it leaves no residue.
the devil plays coconuts
hang them on his knees
don't look back for you
everytime the same.
the end will begin again
the smile falls to a grin
lanterns fail to light
laughter hides the pain
the devils blood is obvious



autopse externale

A random search of oblique phone booth, retained the frozen sublinguil gas pellets for hypnotic suggestion of varied increases. eliminates morning news of semen samples lifted from the shroud of Turin to confirm theorys of low sperm count indicating possible radioactive promenades of forsight into wisdom and the advance of written word as linear fact. Trance involvement conspirates the memory, living not as elders but of the dead. We call support only receiving the turtle dribble with instructions on the root cause. we diagram the elements to find a style to critique the fever with feces and perform a magic, the eye is not the eye. We call a style and memorize little tricksters in the blood invlove the spectrum obtain the regular make you happy, make you silly slant eyes, drooling, laugh hyenas tear into the commercial treats. surprise food laden with flavor inserts of spirit meat, and ghost projections in mannequin dog and bitch clubs parleyed for instruments to slice the eats for wagonesque hot dog film critics to weight watch and prophecize, we turn the crafts into night, as naked angelic fredom wings light the sky for fringe wanderings into transvers history with love of liquid and joy of waveform, as nano rangers obscure the cell structure preferring the easy lift comfort. To make it real, tell again and listen to them understanding you believing in visions to fill the head with sights to be a part of the whole, distingish from this and thus create unholy abandon the obvious, return teeth in august. Collapse higher branches exploding the ideals that corrode battery alkalines. Our shovels fully leaded, our bellys extended we signaled, flood fortuna frankenstein fallopian feature fearing for, it was late then we could not continue.

